

THOMAS B. MORGAN: *The Anti-Americans*. 224pp. Michael Joseph. 30s.

Power is more likely to produce respect than popularity. Just as the British were much disliked by weaker nations and subject peoples when the Empire was at its zenith, so now does the United States, undoubtedly the world's richest and strongest nation, face varying degrees of anti-American sentiment almost everywhere beyond its international frontiers. The British never worried much about foreign loathing. Often it would seem that they were too insular to notice, let alone care. Anyway, they disliked foreigners quite as much as foreigners disliked them; and there was something satisfactory and stable in such a state of mutual antipathy. Concern about the "image gap" was not a notable feature of British foreign policy. The Americans, on the other hand, do appear to care. They feel that, as the inhabitants of the land of the free and the bastion of democracy, they deserve to be loved by others perhaps less free and less democratic, and certainly less rich. It is unlikely that any British journalist of the Victorian or Edwardian eras would have written a book called *The Anti-British*: to an American journalist *The Anti-Americans* is a subject the study of which scarcely needs justification.

There have, in fact, in recent years been quite a number of investigations by American writers into the problem of why the Americans are not popular abroad and what can be done to improve their image. *The Ugly American* is a classic example of this genre. Usually such works have been confined to one region. Thomas B. Morgan has set out to look into Anti-Americanism as a

IMMIGRANT SOCIALISTS

DAVID HERRESHOFF: *American Disciples of Marx*. 215pp. Detroit: Wayne State University Press. \$7.95

American Disciples of Marx is a very misleading title. Despite the remarkably repulsive portrait of Marx engraved on the cover, Dr. Herreshoff's book covers much more than orthodox Marxism. His first hero is Orestes Brownson, who, if he was a Marxist at all, was a Marxist of a very peculiar type and a Marxist before he read any Marxists. But Dr. Herreshoff is above mere chronology, for he cites Isaac Hecker's view of Brownson as being that of "the American Proudhon" long before Proudhon had asked, "What is property?" And there is evidence that most of the members of the International (who were alleged to have run the Commune of Paris) were disciples of Proudhon.

Marxism in America was imported by the German emigrants or refugees of the 1840s and 1850s, people like Weydemeyer and Sorge. They never could understand the American environment. Lots of the revolutionary rank-and-file from Europe were seduced by the American way of life. Marx himself was especially hostile to their seduction by the promise of free land. But, as Professor W. W. Rostow has said: "Marx was a town boy." Indeed, whether Dr. Herreshoff wants to make the point or not, the socialism he describes was almost always an immigrant socialism. So the history of socialist ideas and convictions, except for the very faithful, is a depressing one. This is especially so when we consider the career of the most brilliant American Marxist, Daniel De Leon. Samples of his doctrinaire teaching are still sold outside the Sather gate of the University of California at Berkeley, and De Leon himself changed ground frequently, and at the end of his life was whistling to keep his courage up. Most German immigrants had already been seduced by the military triumphs of Bismarck, and nationalistic weakness all the left-wing movements. Orthodox German Social Democracy found it hard to have any kind of fruitful relationship with the "Wobblies," the I.W.O. of song and story. De Leon's naive belief that the American capitalist class was composed of cowards who would surrender at the coming of a proletarian revolution seems surprisingly stupid and certainly not a very plausible picture in the age when Jack London was writing *The Iron Heel*. But De Leon was rather like Hyndman and so far as there was an intellectual attack on the promises of American capitalism and reformism, it was led at the beginning of this century by such people as C. A. Beard and Archie

Simons (Archie Simons should or could have been cited as a much more orthodox Marxist than Beard ever was).

There were also oddities in the movement. There were the Claffin sisters preaching free love combined with attacks on the great capitalists (to play Dr. Herreshoff does not mention the curiously close relationship between the Claffin sisters and "Commodore" Vanderbilt). There was Stephen Pearl Andrews, who changed his views a great many times: he was perhaps most attractive when he called himself the "servant of the servants of truth", amending the title adopted by Pope Gregory the Great to snub the so-called Oecumenical Patriarch. Andrews then proposed to run for election as Pope of Rome but did not make it. After all, Virginia Claffin Woodhull ran for President of the United States!

Who Was Who in America. Historical Volume 1607-1896. Revised edition 1967. 689pp. Marquis Who's Who (200 East Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois).

The new edition of *Who Was Who in America* is very welcome. It now contains 13,450 biographies, since it has rightly included people who didn't make *Who's Who in America* in their lifetime, but have now been discovered to have been at least as important as most of those who did. It has very useful lists of office-holders—for example, it lists President Johnson, although some recent important federal appointments, e.g. that of Mr. Henry Fuller to the Treasury, are omitted, but the space fight of Lieutenant-Commander Carpenter is listed and so is the impressive Plymouth hold-up, almost worthy of British standards of crime.

A useful addition is an historical table, a "chronological chart" entitled "The Course of History". It begins on the left with a "Key Name and Era": thus the first entry is "Left Ericsson, 1850-1899". Then there is a blank till we get to "Christopher Columbus, 1450-1499". From then there are no blanks, but does General Oglethorpe deserve an entry along with Roger Williams? William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall? Does anyone think he does except in *Olethorpe* and *Corpus Christi College Oxford*? In Oglethorpe's decade, a more relevant entry would be John Wesley, surely the most important Englishman ever to visit Georgia? It is perhaps a subtle and just denigration of the era of beautiful non-

It is unlikely that this book will produce any profound changes in American foreign policy; but many people will derive much pleasure and amusement from reading it. One regret is that Mr. Morgan did not include England in his itinerary. One suspects that lunch at the Travellers Club could have produced some gems of anti-Americanism to which Mr. Morgan would have done full justice.

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Of the two, the elder, Martha, was the more intelligent and resolute, evidently her father's favourite (as Mary suspected), and here are the most interesting letters: "She could be muddled and credulous, as her letter of May 3, 1787, from Paris shows, for the Princess de Polignac was not on her way to the Bastille and Martha muddled up the pacific civil war between the Patriots and the Stadtholder in the Dutch Republic with the war of Catherine II and Joseph II against the Grand Signior. A note on these errors would be more useful than information about Par-nassus and a fuller or more candid note is needed to explain the roles of "Pardita" Robinson and of Maria Cosway. On page 95, the President of Madras and Bombay, not of Bengal, should be referred to. But in general the editing is of a high standard.

Although these are family letters, great events are reflected in them. We

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HUBERT COLE: *Christophe: King of Haiti*. 307pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £2 10s

It is impossible to read this book without feeling that the author has done his best to make it as complete as possible. The book is a valuable addition to the literature of the subject and is well worth the price.

It is impossible to read this entertaining book without reflecting on the present state of Haiti under "Papa Doc" Duvalier. In the eighteenth century, Saint-Domingue was indeed the brightest jewel in the French crown, the most valuable colony in the world. Mr. Cole does not hide the ways in which the wealth was extracted and whom it benefited, but the miserable peasants of today might almost regret the rule of Louis XVI. In some ways, Christophe, afterwards "le roi Henry", recalls the infamous "Ducor"; the "Royal-Dahomies" can be seen as ancestors of the "Ton-Ton Macoutes", but Christophe was a much more enlightened and less murderously selfish ruler than Duvalier.

In point of fact Mr. Attwood's biases come over pretty clearly; it is not surprising that he caused a furore in Kenya. Though the Government based most of its complaints on the Stanleyville chapters, his lavish praise for just those Kenyan Ministers who are most accused of being western-aligned and reactionary must have caused a good deal of embarrassment: as must his praise for the Government in general, in a continent where there is a general feeling that the only government good for Africans is one which is cordially disliked by all the big powers. Still Mr. Attwood has on the whole achieved a remarkable factual fairness to all sides. Even his version of how the Kenyan right wing was paid to Mr. Odinga tallies with Mr. Odinga's own account (though the heroes and villains have naturally swapped roles).

The most generally interesting parts of his book are the most difficult to check for accuracy. The chapters leading up to Stanleyville, for instance: "Mr. Attwood tells the story of Mr. Kenyatta (who was chairman of the OAU ad hoc committee on the Congo crisis) who was charged to respond to a try to solve that problem (the Congo crisis) was misled by Joseph Mumburi, who was then the Kenyan Minister dealing with foreign affairs—lost taking Mr. Kanza, the Congolese rebel leader, to the Stanleyville regime. The 'Foreign Minister' seriously, and accepting the Stanleyville regime as the most respectable, if not actually the best of Lumumba orthodoxy. Those who saw the whole episode at Nairobi at the time, this is quite possible and even likely. Kanza was a glib and personable character, and he likely to appeal to Mumburi and the Hampstead radicals: 'Mr. Attwood says that Tshombe was then Prime Minister, Kanza's line was highly desirable.'

Anything Mr. Attwood really understands the atmosphere of that time, and the kind of behaviour in the wilderness in which the whole took place. It really was very difficult to know what to believe in accounts coming out of the Congo at the time, and people ended by accepting or disbelieving atrocious reports according to their sympathies.

Naturally, the least satisfactory aspect of *The Reds and the Blacks* is the way it deals with the Cold War, which one might almost think was waged on one side only. Mr. A. Wood protests—a good deal to be sure—that America's only interest is in a stable and prospering Africa. This may be true as a very broad generalization, but in fact many

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REUTERS

The New Africans. A Guide to Africa and its Leaders. Written by Reuters News Agency. Edited by S. D. S.

It may be said at once that this is a book, written by Reuters, and edited by Reuters, throughout Africa, and edited by Sidney Taylor, will be a book to the student of African affairs. It has been written by Reuters itself—objective and based on sound information.

It may be expected of anything written about this turbulent continent that it has already overtaken the Sierra Leone *conf.* which occurred while the book was printed in fact recorded by Reuters for the person who has written the chapter on it.

complex Imperialist outburst after 1880 is only marginally relevant to the author's theme. Perhaps Mr. Duffy is right, but British territorial objectives were clearly involved in attacks on Portugal's labour policies; and the matter needs closer analysis.

It is said, at once that the book, written by Reuters correspondents throughout Africa, is edited by Sidney Taylor, well known for his student knowledge of African affairs. It has been written by Reuters itself, objectively and with a wealth of sound information. It must be expected of any book about this turbulent continent that it has already overtaken its title. The Sierra Leone edition occurred while the book was printed (as yet re-recorded) and therefore the personification of Sierra Leone treated by the chapter on the country does not include Colonel Jonn-Smith, but do include the Republic of Liberia, Cote d'Ivoire, Upper Volta, Senegal, Guinea, and the need for an annual review of an annual supplement. The book is in 56 pages. The price of this end is unavailability of the parts which

In spite of these shortcomings, however, Mr. Duffy explains carefully the nature and development of the agitation; both within the Foreign Office and among British humanitarians, against the labour policies of the Portuguese and their failure to take firmer measures against both internal slavery and, more especially, the export trade in servile labour. The Portuguese reaction is explained adequately. If more briefly. The author employs a wealth, sometimes a superabundance, of quotation and summary illustration from contemporary voices. He shows that until the 1860s the running was made largely by the Foreign Office, which took a high moral line and made little or no allowance for the difficulties which faced Portuguese efforts to achieve more humane labour conditions in territories where, until the 1890s, their administration was effective only within a very restricted area.

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ALLEN & UNWIN

THE TRUE STORY of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, although the subject of frequent speculation, remained untold until 1956. In that year Mr. Robert Halsband published his very distinguished biography, based on a wealth of unpublished material, which explained for the first time the reasons for her sudden desertion of her husband and her native land, and traced the vicissitudes of her long career of exile. He then embarked on an edition of her correspondence, the first volume of which was discussed in these columns early in 1966. The second and third volumes have now appeared. They are arranged and annotated with the same faultless skill, and bring to its conclusion an outstanding work of American scholarship.

The first volume of the *Complete Letters* closed in 1720, when Lady Mary was at the summit of her career. She had lately returned from her husband's embassy at Constantinople, and had resumed her glittering social life. Her poetry and wit had earned her an undisputed position in the world of letters. Her friendship with Pope was still unclouded, and his expressions of admiration were unrestrained. Her letters throughout this period, and especially the series retelling the gossip of London to her sister Lady Mar, an expatriate in Paris on account of her husband's Jacobinism, pulsate with vigour and gaiety. Yet a note of melancholy is sometimes sounded, as if in premonition of all the trouble that was to come. "I should not fail to amuse myself tolerably enough but for the Damnd, damnd Quality of growing older and older every day, and my present joys are made imperfect by fear of the Future." The melancholy could deepen into a mood of Swiftian disgust.

For my part, as it is my established Opinion that this Globe of ours is no better than a Holland Cheese and the Walkers about it Miles, I possess my Mind in patience, let what will happen, and should feel tolerably easy tho a great Rat came and eat half of it up.

The letters to Lady Mar do not perhaps reach the level of those from Turkey, which covered the most exciting and remarkable years of the writer's life. But the Turkish letters were unique, just as the experiences described in them were unique. They recorded the confrontation of two traditions, two ways of life—the lively and emancipated young ambassador from the west, unabashedly invading the withdrawn and guarded fortresses of the east. Nevertheless Lady Mary subjected them to a good deal of editing and rewriting with a view to their eventual publication, whereas the letters to Lady Mar remain exactly as the first wrote them. Considered as a social chronicle of the later years of the reign of George I they fully justify Mr. Halsband's claim that they are "unequaled for concentrated and sustained brilliance."

The quarrel with Pope was a wretched business, which has been fully and admirably treated by Mr. Halsband in his biography. There is little in the correspondence that throws light on its cause. Two friendly notes to the poet in 1723 have survived, but nothing further on either side. In 1728 the earliest of his hostile allusions to her appeared in print; and from then onwards he continued to assail her repeatedly, until the culminating insult in the *Dunciad* of 1733.

From curious *Sappho* scarce a milder Fate, Pox'd by her Love, or libell'd by her Hate. She wrote twice to the amiable Dr. Arbuthnot, letters which she wished him to show to Pope, protesting at these attempts "to bias the Reputation of one who never injur'd him." She also sought the mediation of Lord Peterborough, only to receive an answer whose politely veiled sarcasm can hardly have been less vexing than some of Pope's most studied gibes.

These attacks, and her consequent embroilment in the squabbles of the literary world, naturally lowered her reputation. She became, in Mr. Halsband's words, "a casualty in the lampoon war." The extent of her collaboration with Lord Hervey, in his satirical assaults on Pope, remains

uncertain; but she had her share of vilification in the searing rapiers which were now directed against "Sporus". Nor can she have entirely relished the overtures of some of the Grub Street figures who were her fellow-victims, such as an invitation from Giles Jacob to contribute to an anthology of pieces attacking Pope. Even now it is a little sad to think of Lady Mary in the same boat as Giles Jacob.

Early in 1736 there arrived in London a young Venetian named Francesco Algarotti. He had already achieved a proficiency in science and letters which brought him instant Fellowships of the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries, although his dialogues for the exposition of Newton to the ladies—*Il Newtonismo per le dame*—were still unpublished. Mr. Halsband has defined him with scholarly precision as "a handsome man of great charm and androgynous tastes, capable of love affairs with either sex". Within a few days of his arrival he had captured the hearts both of Lord Hervey and Lady Mary. It was just as well that Pope never learnt that his two hated adversaries, Sporus and Sappho, were in competition for the affections of the same young man.

Lady Mary was forty-seven years of age, and Algarotti was twenty-four. Yet in the correspondence that now began, this veteran woman of the world addressed him, in letter after letter, in the tone of an adoring schoolgirl. "Qu'on est timide quand on aime!" she wrote in her distinctly erratic French.

J'ai peur de vous offenser en vous envoyant ce billet quoique mon intention est de vous faire plaisir. Enfin je suis si folle en tout ce qui vous regarde que je ne suis pas sûre de mes propres pensées. Ma raison murmure tout bas de sottises de mon cœur sans avoir la force de les détruire. . . . Tout ce qui est certain, c'est que je vous aimerais toute ma vie malgré vos caprices et ma raison.

These letters are now printed for the first time, and reveal passages in Lady Mary's life which were quite unknown before Mr. Halsband's researches. Algarotti, it appears, returned to Italy in the late summer of 1736, pursued by her impassioned epistles. When he failed to reply she sought to confide in Hervey, who reported her distress to Algarotti in letters filled with malicious giggles. "Enfin, monsieur, vous l'avez laissée plus folle que vous ne l'avez trouvée; c'est tout dire. Elle était aussi ivre auparavant que le vin peut rendre libre, et vous y avez ajouté du gin." Eventually in December she wrote, in English on this occasion, proposing to go and live with him abroad. "If your affairs do not permit your return to England, mine shall be arranged in such a manner as I may come to Italy. This sounds extraordinary, and yet it is not so when you consider the impression you have made on a Heart that is capable of receiving no other."

Three years elapsed, punctuated with letters breathing the same devotion in the same ecstatic terms. In 1739 Algarotti was in England again for a couple of months; and on this occasion he appears to have given Lady Mary some sort of assurance that they should meet in Venice when he returned from a visit to Russia. Filled with a confident hope that happiness awaited her at last, she wrote to him at St. Petersburg: "Je pars pour vous chercher. C'est à n'est pas nécessaire d'accompagner une telle preuve d'un Attachement éternelle d'une broderie de perles." In July she set out on an expedition to Italy, and was not to return to England for more than twenty years.

Her marriage had long since become an affair of mutual indifference, and her husband saw her go with equanimity. Some measure of esteem remained. Her letters always express a genuine concern for his welfare and comfort. He still looked after her financial affairs, and saw that she had plenty of money throughout her long exile. Like the rest of the world, with the exception of Hervey who was in the secret, he assumed that she was travelling for the sake of her health. In fact it soon became clear that there was no other reason for her remaining abroad; for Algarotti lost no time in breaking whatever promises he had made to her.

On his way back from St. Petersburg he formed a friendship with

Prussia; and on the Prince's accession to the throne in 1740 he was summoned to his court. His tastes were well suited to the shoddy imitation of Athens that Frederick set himself to create; and Voltaire was soon to describe how at Berlin . . . quand, chez le gros Voltaire, le vois le tendre Algarotti Presser d'une vive embrassade Le beau Eugène, son jeune ami, le croix voit Socrate affermi Sur la croupe d'Alcibiade.

Next year he was sent to represent Frederick on a diplomatic mission to Turin, and there Lady Mary at last was able to meet him; but he soon returned to Prussia, and nothing more was heard of the idyllic relationship which she had set her hopes for so long.

She was left to refashion her life as best she could. For a time she drifted about Italy and southern France—Venice, Genoa, Florence, then a residence of four years at Avignon. There are glimpses of her in the letters of English travellers. To some of them, Horace Walpole for example, she was merely a figure of fun. For others she retained the fascination of her earlier years. Joseph Spence thought her one of the most extraordinary shining characters in the world; but she shines like a comet; she is all irregular and always wandering. She is the most wise, most imprudent, loved, disapproved; best natured, cruellest woman in the world.

In 1746 the wandering comet came to rest at Brescia, and settled there for more than a decade.

She had told her sister in 1727 that "my girl gives me a great prospect of satisfaction, but my young Rogue of a Son is the most ungovernable little Rake that ever plaid Truant". The truant schoolboy grew into an erratic and disreputable man, a gambler, bigamist and forger, whom both his parents were finally compelled to disown. Their satisfaction with their daughter received a blow when she insisted on marrying an impoverished young Scottish peer, the Earl of Bute; but they were soon reconciled to the match, and in due course the rise of their son-in-law to high political importance amply consoled them. During the last fifteen years of her life it was to her daughter that all Lady Mary's most vivid and most readable letters were addressed.

"We are both plac'd properly in regard to our Different times of Life", she told Lady Bute in 1748; you amidst the Fair, the Gallant and the Gay, I in a retreat where I enjoy every amusement that Solitude can afford. I confess I sometimes wish for a little conversation, but I reflect that the commerce of the World gives more uneasiness than pleasure, and Quiet is all the Hope that can reasonably be indulg'd at my Age.

There are charming descriptions of her home at Brescia, her arbours and walks, her garden and vineyard, her silkworms and bees. And if conversation was lacking, she kept in touch with the English world of letters through the consignments of books which her daughter sent her. She read countless obscure novels, and criticized them without mercy. She was equally down-right in her comments on more distinguished writers. "This Richardson is a strange Fellow. I heartily despise him, and eagerly read him, nay, sob over his works in a most scandalous manner." "The Rambler is certainly a strong misnomer. He always plods in the beaten road of his Predecessors, following the *Spectator* (with the same pace a Pack-breed would do a Hunter) in the style that is proper to lengthen a paper." Fielding was her cousin, and when he died she wrote of him with affection and regret.

I am sorry for his Death, not only as I shall read no more of his writings, but I believe he lost more than others, as no man enjoy'd life more than he did, though he had less reason to do so. . . . His happy Constitution (even when he had, with great pains, half a demijohn of it) made him forget every thing when he was before a woman Pussu or over a Flask of champagne, and I am persuaded he has known more happy moments than any Prince upon Earth. His natural Spirits gave him Rapture with his Cookmaid, and cheerfulness when he was Fluxing in a Garret.

Far away in England other figures of her past vanished from the scene.

of Pope, beyond a few comments upon his will. Hervey addressed her, soon before he died, the remarkable letter which goes far to clear up an enigma of her life. The last of May all your ways (as Solomon says) are wisdom, and all your paths peace." Algarotti retired from French service and returned to Italy, but no longer passionate letters, we ever meet! . . . the Memory of Lord Hervey did celebrate; his Gentle Shade's pleas'd in Elysium with his Gratitude." But apparently they did meet.

In her old age she became fix'd with an impoverished Italian couple, Sir James and Lady Pitt-Stuart, and addressed to them a series of agreeable letters, with some harassment from British Resident in Venice, whom she was herself already feuding; and one of her letters describing an encounter with Resident and his obsession with the formidable old man was still a match for any adroitness. The letters to her husband were less lively than those to her daughter, but to the end they are of regard and at times almost of devotion. "The Continuation of Health is my most fervent Desire. He died early in 1761, and was buried later in the year 1762. London on business, common, his will.

"I am dragging my ragged remnant of life to England," he wrote to the Steuarts from Rotterdam. "I arrived in London the 25th of October, and visitors thronged to me. Je suis accablée d'impression de la gloire d'Honneur," she told him in Venice. But by now she was ill, and she died in August 1762. Her last letter she had addressed to her daughter, that "my boy always warm in your arms" shortly after her death they said that through her influence her son-in-law Bute, by now First Viscount, they were free at last to their Scottish home.

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VITTORINI

When Elio Vittorini died early last year, little was known of him, because little was known of him. He was a "difficult" writer for outsiders, in all senses hard to read—stylistically so, at the simplest level, and at more complex levels emotionally and atmospherically hard to put across.

He was the founder of *Il menabò*, one of the most influential of Italian little magazines, which are anything but little in their influence on the cultural life of the country, and Italo Calvino, who worked on it with him, has now brought out a special number devoted to Vittorini (*Il menabò* 10, Einaudi, Turin, 1,500 lire).

Vittorini's position was hard for outsiders to assess, for we even had to enquire, for he was a "literary man" in a sense that scarcely exists here. Indefatigably active and wide-ranging, he was a seeker of young talent, an encourager, coordinator, writer, a conscious, deliberate power in the world of Italian writing. And at the same time, in a profound sense, he was a "non-literary man" as well, committed not just to politics (when it came to political action, after the war he was soon disillusioned, and left the Communist Party he had joined), but to a view of life that meant something in the present state of the world and in the immediate future.

What he considered the deformity of modern attitudes and thought was the main theme of his critical and polemical writings during the last years of his life. This deformity lay in the fact that technology had out-run the world's ability to cope with its own advances. Science now had the power, but neither the consciousness of this power nor the prestige that would allow it to be used. This was the world's basic flaw, which he illustrated with passion from examples all around him, and from history and literature. So far as literature was concerned, it was badly flawed; for while painters and composers were now at least in the present century and could not be far from it, writers for the most part lagged behind in the nineteenth century, explained what might otherwise seem the odd violence of his reaction to a book like *The Leopard* and in particular to its enormous success, which confirmed the nostalgic, backward-looking taste of the public in admiring a book that was brilliantly but totally anachronistic.

The special number of *Il menabò* is no mere pious tribute. Half of it is a sequence from Vittorini's *Diario* in 1950, giving a kind of précis of his thoughts over the years in extracts from his published work and interviews. Signor Calvino has used the same method in bringing it up to date. Four essays on aspects of Vittorini's work and attitudes; only one on his obviously attractive personality and strong personal influence on Italian cultural life, but eight photographs do a good deal to suggest his warmth, humanity and

the diary makes stimulating but sometimes tedious reading for someone in this country; for one recognizes much that he criticizes in modern life as being particularly poignant, because emotionally important, among us. Nostalgia, retrograde, a feeling for what is past that has no present-day meaning, the deepest sense of an unscientific, technological outlook and with it a feeling for the world's future are the main themes of his writing, according to the editor. Reading him is like reading the independent of much of our own

of life, for the last ways of life and attitudes he deplores are all of them familiar to us and even beloved; he does not say this—he merely ignores us as contributors to any modern movement in writing or the arts—but the capitis all too well. Our romantic poets come in, explicitly this time, for the same sort of criticism from him: with the industrial revolution going on all around them, they concentrated on "nature" and the rural, classical past in which England was then steeped (and, in comparison with a country like Italy, still is). In the context of the present, his energetic treatment of the "two cultures" debate goes a great deal further than Lord Snow took it and makes exciting reading for anyone who thinks the whole thing is over with a plea to educate artists scientifically and scientists artistically. This idea Vittorini calls "misera". His plea is for no less than a reappraisal of everything, an overturning of the current philosophical world. As a poetic revolutionary he makes no practical suggestions about the way in which men's minds are to be cleared for the present and the future, clean of mistaken accumulations though still able to accommodate myth to a powerful element in his own creative writing; but his fervour is as stimulating as his conclusions are disturbing, and his gadfly value is immense.

Letters to the Editor
THE UNPLANNED REVOLUTION
Sir,—Some weeks ago I wrote to you to protest against the way your reviewer (March 15) dealt with H. Shukman's *Lenin and the Russian Revolution*. I pointed out that it is regrettable that a very short review in your Books Reviewed section contained nothing but disparaging and unsubstantiated remarks. You did not select a letter for publication but replied to the effect that it will have your careful consideration. When a review of my book *Russia 1917: The February Revolution* appeared in the TLS on April 6, I seemed to detect the effect of your decision. Your reviewer was highly critical of my book, but he made an effort to be fair, and even went as far as saying that I had given an account of the February Revolution which is nearer to what it looked like to those involved in it than anything that has been, or is likely to be, written about it. While not accepting the criticism of your reviewer, I felt no urge to protest because I think that everybody is entitled to his views on the past, even though they might be based on ingrained prejudice. Now, however, I have been painfully surprised to find in the review (July 27) of Mark Ferro's *La Rivoluzione di 1917* a reference to my book which displays the same spiteful and unfounded criticism against which I felt compelled to protest in connexion with the review of Mr. Shukman. Your reviewer of Mr. Ferro's book, for which in spite of massive praise he shows, I believe, little understanding, was entitled to compare my work with this interesting and valuable work. But why should he under the cover of anonymity, and without a shred of evidence, qualify my book as highly idiosyncratic and warn the reader that it is misleading? You might, sir, find my profound aversion to this kind of poison-pen attack idiosyncratic, but I hope that this time you will give me the opportunity of becoming known to your readers.

G. KATKOV,
St. Antony's College, Oxford.

ON TRANSLATION
Sir,—I have read with interest your editorial "On Translation" (August 17) and am in substantial agreement with many of the points made in it.

However, as all publishers know, the amount of editorial investment in translation is expressed in terms of royalties (those which will display

payments, is limited to a quite specific maximum percentage of the return from the sale of the book. Hence, when the translator asks for royalties and shares in subsidiary rights, his interests come into direct conflict with those of the publisher. From the point of view of the author, it matters very little, if he is going to pay the maximum amount, how this is divided. Therefore, it is to authors that the translators must look if they are to increase their compensation and their stature.

Your editorial points out that this approach is demonstrated by the French writer Jean-Louis Curtis, who arranges to provide and pay his own translators when he negotiates foreign language rights. In my own publishing business, we have just made a similar arrangement with the distinguished Hungarian novelist, Lajos Zilahy, who has provided us with a new translation of his World War I classic, *Two Prisoners*, originally published in the 1920s in an unsatisfactory translation. We, in return, are paying him at the top of the royalty scale from the very first copy. He is compensating the translator, with whom he has worked closely, out of his advance against these royalties and his future royalties.

This direct collaboration between writer and translator seems to me to be far and away the best solution to the problem. Directing the campaign for the improvement of the lot of the translator against publishers can, in the long run, bring very little in the way of results because the additional income the translator wants must come from the author's pocket.

K. S. GINGERER,
The K. S. Ginger Company Inc.,
1140 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10001.

of life, for the last ways of life and attitudes he deplores are all of them familiar to us and even beloved; he does not say this—he merely ignores us as contributors to any modern movement in writing or the arts—but the capitis all too well. Our romantic poets come in, explicitly this time, for the same sort of criticism from him: with the industrial revolution going on all around them, they concentrated on "nature" and the rural, classical past in which England was then steeped (and, in comparison with a country like Italy, still is). In the context of the present, his energetic treatment of the "two cultures" debate goes a great deal further than Lord Snow took it and makes exciting reading for anyone who thinks the whole thing is over with a plea to educate artists scientifically and scientists artistically. This idea Vittorini calls "misera". His plea is for no less than a reappraisal of everything, an overturning of the current philosophical world. As a poetic revolutionary he makes no practical suggestions about the way in which men's minds are to be cleared for the present and the future, clean of mistaken accumulations though still able to accommodate myth to a powerful element in his own creative writing; but his fervour is as stimulating as his conclusions are disturbing, and his gadfly value is immense.

During the late 1950s and early 1960s, one of the most potent small magazines in England, *Migrant*, was technically so badly produced that one wondered whether the editors might not have invested more wisely in a "John Bull" printing kit rather than a duplicator. The fact that the magazine went unnoticed could perhaps be explained by the apathy of those who, having the outlets into wider circulation, continued, and still continue, to mistrust anything not wrapped firmly between two hard boards.

It is not surprising therefore that the editor of a small magazine, after sending out around 100 "review" copies of each issue over a period of two years, receiving no reaction whatsoever, becomes convinced that the big boys do not want anything to do with the little boys. It is a book that all editors and publishers and translators should read; critics, too, for perhaps it would induce them to be less harsh with literary translators, whom they seem to enjoy bullying.

HERMA BRIFFAULT,
137 West 12 Street, New York, N.Y. 10011.

SMALL PRINT
Sir,—Your leader of August 10 on the problems of production and distribution facing the makers of little magazines is both informative and practical. As one of their number, I should like to offer some practical responses:

(1) If a little magazine wishes to distribute more than 500 copies, it must be prepared to give away perhaps half its printing run—first, through complimentary copies to poets, editors, and readers whom it respects; but second, through liberally sending out copies "on consignment" or "Sale and Return" or "Full Return Privilege". In batches of three or four or six to the likely book stores; which may, nevertheless, not even acknowledge or pay for them. To do this, the editor must be willing to break the old mercantile mode of thinking of "a measure of wheat for a penny." &c. He must be willing to hope that his magazine will be seen by readers who would not have seen it otherwise, and that if they like it they may buy a copy or more, hopefully subscribe, since the lifeblood of little magazines is in their subscription lists.

(2) If one wishes to make a "professional-looking" magazine, one must somehow make the acquaintance of professional printing equipment and, preferably, the services of a professional printer. Although this is where the money comes in, and goes out, it should be possible for the editors of the magazine to find ways of cutting costs drastically, if they are willing to do the physical work involved—to assist the principal by cutting and loading paper, folding and stapling or sewing the printed sheets, gluing on covers, trimming the edges and the like. Such labor is relatively unskilled, and may be readily learned; I have found, even by a certain or an editor. There is even a certain mental pleasure in the performance of such repetitive tasks when one's whole livelihood does not depend on it.

(3) The distribution problem can probably be solved by a certain amount of local or regional constitution. One goes to the little magazine nearest him, gets the names of its subscribers and "good" bookstores (those which will display

Sir,—Your correspondent, Anna Maria Crisp (August 17), may be amused to hear that in a performance of the play which I attended some years ago in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre both productions of Petruchio were heard, but, as the gentleman of Verona accordingly responded to either, no great harm was done.

The pronunciation favoured by your correspondent is without doubt the right one, and agrees, incidentally, with that given in Helge Kokeritz's *Shakespeare's Names*.

D. H. McMULLAN,
73 Dublin Road, Omagh, Co. Tyrone,
Northern Ireland.

little magazines), trades in the names of one's friends in other cities who may put it on to other bookstores, and keeps one's eyes open for addresses in the contributors' notes to other magazines—especially in addition to the directories you mention in your leader, in the News Notes of *Poetry* (Chicago) and in the magazine *Tracer* (P.O. Box 108, Hollywood 28, California). What is needed here is a sort of free-of-charge, risk-taking, electronic opportunism, and what must be broken is the habit of stinginess and keeping quiet when one is on to a "good thing".

Above all, I believe, the publisher of the little magazine must try to keep in mind the essential *game-ship* in which he is involved, as an entrepreneur in the business world. It is a *game*, business, of course, has nothing to do with this, but is a matter of keeping himself alive in the life of his times, through recognizing, even through making, its significant changes. But this is done only in the way that the soul stays alive in the body, and it is, the body of the little magazine—its pulp and ink—that supports its soul.

JOHN RIDLAND,
Editor,
The Little Square Review, Flagstaff
Road, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

Sir,—It seems that once more the common illusion that truth waits only above the "printed" page has side-tracked some of the observations on small press activity made recently in your columns. Whilst most of us would admit a preference for positive blackness as opposed to the hairy ambiguity which often goes with a mimographed text, the real search, surely, is for a little editorial discrimination amongst the vast bales of poetry currently in circulation.

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Most small magazine editors would run to the nearest printer if given the money to do so. The physical task of typing, duplicating and then binding is irksome, however modern the process and sophisticated the eventual result. What is so disturbing is that as the small press activity increases so the amount of space devoted to the intelligent criticism of this activity in the national press has decreased.

Owning the only bookshop outside London which seriously distributes small press publications is a laborious task to observe the standards of many hundreds of publications. The good ones need encouragement, the bad ones an occasional rap. They all need something more positive by way of reply than boorish silence.

STUART MILLS,
The Trent Book Shop, Trent, Bridge,
Nottingham.

PETRUCHIO
Sir,—Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew* is not the only victim of mispronunciation. There is also the strange case of Borachio in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

In almost all productions of *Much Ado* we hear him carefully pronounced "Borakio". Borachio is a Spanish name; the villainous Don John. The "ch" in his name should be pronounced in the Spanish not the Italian way. The name itself is clearly the Spanish word *borrachero* meaning drunk, and he describes himself at one point in the play as "a little drunkard".

C. V. WEDGWOOD,
22 St. Ann's Terrace, St. John's Wood,
London, N.W.8.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Anna Maria Crisp (August 17), may be amused to hear that in a performance of the play which I attended some years ago in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre both productions of Petruchio were heard, but, as the gentleman of Verona accordingly responded to either, no great harm was done.

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D. H. McMULLAN,
73 Dublin Road, Omagh, Co. Tyrone,
Northern Ireland.

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CLARENCE

MR. MACDIARMID'S BIRTHDAY BOOKS

Collected Poems of Hugh MacDiarmid. Revised Edition with enlarged glossary prepared by John C. Weston. 498pp. Collier-Macmillan. £2 13s. HUGH MACDIARMID: A Lap of Honour. 69pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 25s. IAIN CRICHTON SMITH: The Golden Lyric. 23pp. 10s. 6d. DUNCAN GLEN (Editor): Poems Addressed to Hugh MacDiarmid. 69pp. £3 13s. 6d. Arkros Publications (14 Parklands Avenue, Penwortham, Preston, Lancs.).

Mr. Hugh MacDiarmid had his seventy-fifth birthday on August 11 this year. The occasion is marked by a new and revised edition of the Collier-Macmillan *Collected Poems*, with a new glossary and a new preface by its American editor, Professor John C. Weston of Amherst, and by a shorter volume, *A Lap of Honour*, which contains a number of long poems either not represented at all in the *Collected Poems* or, like "On a Raised Beach" or "Once in a Cornish Garden", represented only by extracts. To complete the celebrations there is also the obligatory bouquet of verse tributes from friends and admirers.

At the end of 1964 a review in these columns of two books about Mr. MacDiarmid was followed during the first four months of the spring of 1965 by a long correspondence about passages of prose incorporated as free verse into Mr. MacDiarmid's late long poem *In Memoriam James Joyce* and about his adaptation, from some sentences in a Welsh short story of his poem "Perfect". Mr. MacDiarmid has, rather regrettably, chosen to omit "Perfect" from the revised *Collected Poems*, and he acknowledges on page 410 that the first and third verse paragraphs of the section from *In Memoriam James Joyce* are taken from the Front Article of *The Times Literary Supplement*, May 8, 1953. For everything else in the book, Mr. MacDiarmid has written to Professor Weston, he feels he has "no apologies to make".

In *A Lap of Honour*, Mr. MacDiarmid explains that the *Collected Poems*, large as the volume is, are by no means a *Complete Poems*, and that some of the poems in *A Lap of Honour*, notably "Wauchopside" and "Whuchull", seem to him among his most successful work in his post-lyrical phase. Even though his *Collected Poems* was not intended to be complete, it was so long that a number of poems he very much admired had to be rejected. He speaks interestingly of the transition in his work (in transition which lost him many admirers in Scotland, and perhaps has not won him very many new admirers out of Scotland) from a lyrical to a meditative mode. After the success of these early lyrics, the great productive period of *Singschaw* (1925), *Penny Weep* (1926), *A Drunk Man Looks at a Thistle* (1926), and the more bitter and difficult and already less popular *To Crichton Jack Crichton* (1930), Mr. MacDiarmid explains:

I, like Heine after the success of his lyrics, found... I could no longer go on with that sort of thing but required to break up the unity of the lyric and introduce new material of various kinds

on different levels of significance. It took Heine years of agonized effort to find the new form he needed, and his later work, in which he did find it, never won a measure of esteem like that secured by his early work. So in my case.

Almost as important as the appearance of these two volumes, however, is the publication of a first-rate critical essay on Mr. MacDiarmid's poetry. The author is one of the finest of the younger generation of Scottish poets, Iain Crichton Smith. Though his essay is only of pamphlet length Mr. Crichton Smith's own gifts as a poet, his insights into the nature of poetry, the vigour and clarity of his prose style make this a much more important work than the scholarly book-length studies of Mr. MacDiarmid by Kenneth Buthlay and Duncan Glen. Nobody has yet written with more warmth and insight than Mr. Crichton Smith about the early lyrics up to *A Drunk Man Looks at a Thistle* and the later, longer poems, he writes with respect. Mr. MacDiarmid's mistake, he thinks, was in presuming that because a poem is short and apparently slight it cannot be in the highest sense serious, and that a long poem, a poem about ideas, must, if it is written by a man of genius, be in the highest sense serious.

It is not from Thought alone that poetry begins. And furthermore if only one idea is being promulgated then the poetry becomes propaganda... Any thinking person who has thought long and deeply—or even felt long and deeply—must realize that no one dogma is sufficient to interpret for us the meaning of the universe (if it has a meaning). A poet knows this better than anyone else. Now it is true that the verse recognizes the difficulty of arriving at the truth... There are times, however, when MacDiarmid gives the idea that he himself knows the truth and that his ideas are essentially right. In this perhaps he is being infected by his Scottish environment and the stubborn blind unbreakable Scottish will. For the question is this: if people are not convinced by one idea logically and in prose why should they be convinced when they are put into poetry and their rigour gone?

Mr. Crichton Smith is making a key point here, not only in relation to Mr. MacDiarmid but in relation to what might be called our current modern poetics. There are too many books on both Yeats and Eliot, for instance, thorough and scholarly books, which give the impression, in the end, that the actual experience of the poetry is something rather dreary, some which we have to work through in order to get at the "philosophy" or the "message", at some abstract skeletal pattern. Mr. Crichton Smith writes:

I believe that after the creation of

his lyrics MacDiarmid had that curious distrust that poets have about the value of something simply because of its smallness felt that he ought to move on to more "serious" work. This I believe to have been a profound error, not the fact that he should have moved on, for perhaps he could not prevent himself from doing this, but the fact that he should think a poetry of ideas must necessarily be a more "serious" poetry. These long poems may be intellectually exciting but they are not serious. They do not confront us with serious things. They do not, I think, react on us as whole human beings. Their explorations are not deep enough.

Mr. Crichton Smith, a little later on in his essay, brings in a very interesting comparison between Mr. MacDiarmid and Blake, citing Eliot's famous essay on Blake in which he maintained "that Blake had been led astray by a hotch-potch of ideas which are completely uninteresting in themselves". Both Blake and Mr. MacDiarmid "begin with lyrics of a certain kind, that is, lyrics which contain a fusion of the intellect and feeling which is highly unusual and at times hallucinatory". Then both, Mr. Crichton Smith says, "go on to write long poems based rather insecurely on systems which are fairly private

(even MacDiarmid's communism doesn't seem to be all that orthodox)". Both Blake and Mr. MacDiarmid, he goes on, lacked an orthodox academic training, and though it would be ridiculous to say that this is necessary for a poet, it does enable him to distinguish between the things that are appropriately presented in verse and the things that are appropriately argued in prose. In Mr. MacDiarmid's later poetry the note that is most successful is not the note of propaganda but "a great loneliness and coldness".

Mr. Crichton Smith sees all the human reasons for Mr. MacDiarmid's development away from the tenderness of his early lyrics towards a cold, hard sort of poetry. Scotland, after all, even for a lyric poet of genius, might be an exhaustive subject. He sees also that Mr. MacDiarmid was reacting against the disastrous tradition of sentimental verse that derives from the weaker side of Burns. It is on the early lyrics, therefore, that Mr. Crichton Smith bases his main claims for the poet's greatness and he brings out better than any previous critic their

BLACKBOARD JUNGLE

Poets' Choice. An Anthology of English Poetry from Spenser to the Present Day. Compiled by Peter Dickinson and Sheila Shannon. 466pp. Evans. 35s.

ARTHUR JOHNSTON (Editor): *Selected Poems of Thomas Gray and William Collins*. 222pp. CHARLES PEARCE (Editor): *Poetry of the Landscape and the Night*. Two Eighteenth-century Traditions. 191pp. Edward Arnold. 15s. (Paperback, 7s. 6d.) each.

It does not seem to be admitted in the anthology itself, but is clear from the blandly written-down notes to some of the poems, that *Poets' Choice* (Spenser to Brownjohn) is really intended for pre-adolescents. If so, the choices are odd. It is by no means an obvious selection, and much of the time there is a sophistication at work of which one much approves: Wordsworth on Bartholomew Fair, for instance, and plenty of Hood. But what, really, is intended by the Coleridge entry ("The Dungeon", an extract from "Fears in Solitude", a song from *Wilhelm Meister*, "Apologia Pro Vita Sua", "An Ode to the Rain" and "The Delinquent Travellers")? It looks like a footnote to an interesting theory. Less flattering to the editors' sense of the appropriate is the Eliot ("Antimatter") and a chorus from *The Rock*; this is merely unhelpful. And space is curiously used, too: Flecker takes up as much room as Donne or Auden and this is not much anyway, less than half that given to Kipling or Wither. More sensationally, Hop-

kings gets 30 lines, a good deal less than the editors have given to each of themselves. The lurking fragility of the anthology, however, is best indicated by the fact that the editors reprint John Wain's poem about Major Eatherley in its entirety without apparently being aware of the exposure of the Eatherley myth, or by the note on Marvell which merely elaborates the tendentious notion that he "was perhaps the greatest single influence upon T. S. Eliot". The intention is obviously to give a lively sense of the relevance of poets to their times and (over the irrelevant centuries) to each other. But the general impression is much the reverse: little historical assistance along the lines claimed, too little sense of the representative, too little editorial presence.

The two volumes in the excellent Arnold's English Texts series are a different matter: rather a lot of editorial presence, one might indeed feel. But the editorial eye is fixed in a businesslike way on the unyielding reader, and much help is needed with formal

allusive poetry of this kind. Professor Johnston has a tendency to include material of more use to advanced students than to "university and upper forms of school", but the distinction is getting less clear in these days of early specialization. Mr. Pearce has the textual edge of Professor Johnston: he shows more care in explaining his editorial procedure, and annotates in a lively manner. His decision to print the first version of Coleridge's *Lines at Midnight* (with those bad, and omitted, last six lines) seems a mistake. It does in a sense show "how an act of self-criticism can be an act of creation", but leaves the reader with a curio not a poem. It is as though a surgeon should see your appendix again to show how brilliant the removal of it was. But there is not much wrong with these volumes, considering their purpose and how gratifying it is to see a sort of this sort pay constructive attention to the eighteenth century, a period still much maligned (see Dickinson and Shannon).

The institution selected for the experiment was the Neil McNeill Home, which cared for infants and pre-school children. At the time it was badly overcrowded, housing fifty-five children instead of the thirty-five for which it was intended. It was understood: the staff was constantly changing and many of its members, having recently arrived from Europe with little or no knowledge of English, could communicate neither with the children nor with each other. In the circumstances the wonder was only that the standards of material care were reasonably adequate. It was no surprise that emotional understanding, of any kind, was impossible. The children were crowded back to back because they were never talked to them except in a noisy, usually brusquely attempted, order. No child had any belongings of his own, nor was there any awareness that each child was an individual. They were housed in groups of from one place to ten, while in their nursery wards, they were crowded over one another, and generally behaved like undisciplined, unloving animals. They spent far too much time in bed for the comfort of the hard-pressed staff; there was a great lack of play equipment; their day, which was "a life, which had formerly been put down to 'damage', was due rather to a 'dearth of normal experiences without which the development of human qualities is impossible'.

It was, it is true, not least to Walter Köppling, the editor of this volume who in 1959, when he was working for the German Ministry of Education, combed through the famous Archives of Workers' Poetry of the pre-Nazi era so as to find some poems to read to young miners in evening classes. A year later six authors joined the group, and when, in June, 1961, a discussion was announced with the theme "Man and Industry in Contemporary Literature", there was no longer room enough in the lecture hall to contain all the reporters and publishers anxious to learn more about the *Gruppe*. Much of the poetry collected by Walter Köppling is now in the *Gruppe*.

The book is important less for what it achieves than as an antidote to the obscurantist tendencies in modern German literature. Anne, a German literature student, wrote already in 1948: "We are Germans today overwhelmed by aesthetic theories, but poetry is poor in articulations of problems." This has not changed much today, nearly twenty years later. German poetry remains still largely untouched by the process of being a living. Here *Gruppe 61* helps by providing something of a new kind of working-class poetry. If major artists were to be so far eluded them, the answer was well worth making for ultimately success.

DEVIANT MINORITIES

HANS TOCH: *The Social Psychology of Social Movements*. 257pp. Methuen. 35s.

Writing as a psychologist, the author has tried to define some general characteristics of "social movements", especially deviant, fringe or "eccentric" movements, and to illuminate their nature and the motivation of their members. The method is admittedly anecdotal examples being drawn mainly from movements of a relatively recent kind, and mostly recent. For instance, we hear a good deal about the John Birch Society, the Young Socialist Groups, American youth and even fan clubs. The author defends his approach as less artificial than that of the laboratory-based psychologist and as clearing the way for a more systematic study of social change.

This lumping together of a variety of different movements without regard to place or time may well worry some people. Sociologists will doubt about it the scant concern accorded to "conventional" social institutions and the impact of new movements upon them. Historians will certainly disapprove of taking particular movements out of their context. Yet if general psychological principles governing social movements are to be evolved, their characteristics must be determined without reference to the particular historical or cultural conditions in which they arise. Unless this can be done, social psychology can hardly prove viable as an independent discipline.

Dr. Toch brings out well the more obvious characteristics of extreme deviant social movements; in particular, the very real social problems that bring them into existence. He examines with shrewdness and not without humour the role of illusions and fancied conspiracies in giving them content and in cementing their members together. He considers, too, the exploitation of human frailties

MORE CUDDLING

BETTY M. FLINT: *The Child and the Institution*. 180pp. University of London Press. 30s.

In the mid-1950s the Catholic Children's Aid Society of Metropolitan Toronto was concerned to counter the effects of being brought up in an institution upon those young children for whom it was unable to find foster or adoptive homes. At about the same time the Institute of Child Study of the University of Toronto was trying to learn more about the specific causes and effects of deprivation in early childhood, so that this information could be used to the benefit of other children. To further their embarked upon a research project. What they achieved was a work of redemption, which is now described in *The Child and the Institution*.

The institution selected for the experiment was the Neil McNeill Home, which cared for infants and pre-school children. At the time it was badly overcrowded, housing fifty-five children instead of the thirty-five for which it was intended. It was understood: the staff was constantly changing and many of its members, having recently arrived from Europe with little or no knowledge of English, could communicate neither with the children nor with each other. In the circumstances the wonder was only that the standards of material care were reasonably adequate. It was no surprise that emotional understanding, of any kind, was impossible. The children were crowded back to back because they were never talked to them except in a noisy, usually brusquely attempted, order. No child had any belongings of his own, nor was there any awareness that each child was an individual. They were housed in groups of from one place to ten, while in their nursery wards, they were crowded over one another, and generally behaved like undisciplined, unloving animals. They spent far too much time in bed for the comfort of the hard-pressed staff; there was a great lack of play equipment; their day, which was "a life, which had formerly been put down to 'damage', was due rather to a 'dearth of normal experiences without which the development of human qualities is impossible'.

There is no happy ending to the story because it is still continuing. Studies of the children who were the beneficiaries of the project are still in progress and reports on them will be published throughout their adolescence. Meantime, there is hardly one of the pathetic, unresponsive children whom the rehabilitation team found when they first entered the home who has not made some progress towards fullness of life, while there are those who have improved to the extent of being fit for adoption. On the preventive side, a great deal has been learnt about providing an acceptable human environment for children who must spend some part of their youth in an institution. On the remedial side, the workers discovered that the results of deprivation were not necessarily permanent, as had previously been thought, and that an inadequacy in response to life, which had formerly been put down to "damage", was due rather to a "dearth of normal experiences without which the development of human qualities is impossible".

HIGH OR LOW

HUBERT HOFFMANN: *One-Family Housing Solutions to an Urban Dilemma*. 176pp. Thames and Hudson. £5 5s.

There is an astonishing difference between the handling and assembly of the component parts of a car and the erection of a building on site. There is a great difference, too, in the design process. Some architects are aware of this and the majority see some need to prefabricate buildings on a large scale if we are ever going to reach the Government's target of 500,000 houses a year and help to solve some of the housing problems in the underdeveloped countries. Yet architects tend to draw out 11m. cavity brickwork without giving it a second thought. If sheer quantity was all that mattered it would probably be better to hand the problem over to the car industry technicians. Their skill and technological know-how could cope with 500,000 houses and, in all probability, they could produce buildings with a much better performance per foot pound of material invested.

Production, however, would only be a beginning in this instance. Housing schemes, like other types of building, are subject to planning regulations and these can vary considerably in different parts of the world. In many respects the rules are unorthodox. In this country, for instance, they control the number of people who can be housed to the acre but not the type of housing that can be built. Consequently it is not uncommon to see a high block of flats and a low block of maisonettes or houses, on two sites where the density figures for each are the same.

Whether it is better to put families in high rise or low rise housing is a debatable subject among architects and town planners. Developers, though, (with few exceptions) are still primarily concerned with using a site to its maximum permissible density and making as great a profit as possible. The families who are going to live in the buildings take second place.

Whether to build high or low is the question Professor Hoffmann deals with most admirably in his book, and as his title suggests, he feels that good living standards can be more readily achieved through low rise housing. One, two or three-storey houses are often referred to as "low rise"; but Professor Hoffmann uses the term to denote fairly high density housing which is "directly associated with the ground", in contrast with multi-storey housing where, he argues, there is an indirect association with the ground because of a jointly used staircase.

One of the arguments in favour of building high is that less space is used on the ground. This, as Professor Hoffmann shows, can be misleading, since the proportion of the total area

of a town that is taken up with housing is fairly small. He claims that the proportion of the total town area that is taken up with two-storey housing would amount to approximately 3 per cent and that if 50 per cent of all buildings were of the low rise type the difference between two-storey and multi-storey blocks (25 storeys or so) would be no greater than 2.5 per cent.

This important point does not come across clearly in the English translation of the text. There are, however, some interesting and most useful diagrams illustrating the text, particularly in the section on "diagonal" housing (that is, building on a natural slope or an artificially created one). Professor Hoffmann shows that it is possible in these conditions to build one-storey housing to a reasonably high density.

Few architects will disagree with Professor Hoffmann's view that a close association with the ground is most desirable for family households and many will respond warmly to his suggestion in the chapter on "Mobility in the Town" that "one should get used to the idea of regarding the house as designed for just one generation". On paper this sounds fine; in practice it creates problems. The Georgian squares in London illustrate how easily a building designed for one purpose can be used for another without too much trouble. Low rise housing makes it that much easier to deal with these problems of expandability and adaptability. But as the movement of people in towns and cities is curbed more and more, their working life may switch (intentionally) to a more static form. In these circumstances the concept of a house would change. It would become what might be called a "poly-functional energy dissipator" and it would be the equipment inside the building that would be frequently changing rather than the building itself. Furthermore, the disruption caused by the redevelopment of towns to cater for the car, which in turn has partially been responsible for the general feeling that buildings should be more easily adaptable to these changing conditions, will become much less of a problem when it is realized that concepts which rely on mobility only aggravate it more.

Professor Hoffmann does, however, succeed in getting his main points across, and his book brings out the many advantages of living in low rise houses. The examples of terraced, patio and linked houses are very well chosen and beautifully illustrated, and the accompanying text to each of the examples is most helpful.

The author's conclusions are on the whole reassuring, in that the large proportion of this group of adopted children turned into satisfactory adults, able to be happy and to live up to their responsibilities: indeed a random sample of children brought up by their natural parents would probably show an equal or greater incidence of unhappy or inadequate people. Retrospectively, their main cause for dissatisfaction was not knowing more about why their natural parents gave them up; but despite this natural curiosity they almost all developed normal ties with parents who brought them up and behaved very dutifully towards them. It cannot be said that the author has written the final word on the subject; his sample is too small to be reliable and her interviewing technique too

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FREEING SCIENCE FROM MYTH

G. L. HUXLEY: *The Early Ionians*. 220pp. Faber and Faber. £2.5s.

When we talk about the "Greek miracle"—a phrase, one notes with relief, not quite so popular as it used to be—what, precisely, do we mean? Not, in the last resort, the cultural by-products of Periclean imperialism, but something far more basic, a revolution in thought which took place a century or more earlier, far away from Athens. It was the Ionians of the eastern Aegean who, as M. I. Finley observed, first asked "the critical questions about the earth and the stars and metals and matter", who pioneered a method of systematic inquiry into the facts of physical existence, and applied rational human criteria to the determination of their meaning. "Man is a rational being," Mr. Finley noted. "If he asks rational questions, he can, by the unaided efforts of his intellect, discover rational answers. But first he must discover that about himself."

This discovery, it can be argued, is the Greeks' greatest claim to immortality. Egyptians and Babylonians might have accumulated astronomical or mathematical data, but always for ad hoc purposes; it was the Ionians who floated *historia*, scientific inquiry, free of the mythic or religious framework in which it had hitherto been encumbered. They observed everything around them, from the cosmos to the smallest rock-pool with its teeming minuscule life; and where they observed, they speculated. (Xenophanes, for instance, noted the fossil imprints of fishes and seaweed in the Syracuse quarries, and from them deduced a cyclical theory of geological history, with recurrent floods as the destructive factor.) They were the pioneers not only of natural science but also, as Professor Huxley points out, of the "first systematic geography" and also of "critical, secular history."

Such a people and such a phenomenon are worth the closest scrutiny. Can one isolate the factors which made this "miracle" possible? To begin with, the Ionian seaboard was cosmopolitan in a way the Greek mainland could never hope to be: every major trade route—from Egypt, Russia, Central Europe, and the east beyond Anatolia—met and crossed somewhere between Rhodes and the Dardanelles. Along these routes there passed not only merchandise but also ideas and beliefs. Xenophanes's satire on Olympian anthropomorphism was strongly influenced by Persian religion.

It was the cosmopolitan against the parochial, the international versus the national outlook, wide ethnic tolerance opposed to the narrow patriotism of the polis. Each had its virtues; but the polis was essentially a short-term phenomenon, and its adherents always ran the risk of expanding their partial view of life into a universal cultural or political system which it could ill support. Nor is it any accident that while the Ionians were laying the foundations of modern European science, philosophy and literature, Athens's most distinguished cultural figure was Solon—a political reformer who wrote unexceptionable iambics, on such things as debt-cancellation and boundary-stones. The polis had not yet created its own militant mystique.

We in this twentieth century have learnt, by bitter experience, that a climate of liberal, rational opinion is not something which can be taken for granted, as part of western Europe's intellectual heritage. It is an ideal to be constantly fought for, with unremitting vigilance; a precious acquisition, all too easily lost. Who in 1900 could have predicted all the vicissitudes and tawdry machinery of intellectual totalitarianism—systematic brain-washing, slanted propaganda, the down-grading of concepts such as truth and freedom to mere counters in the political power-game, the contemptuous dismissal of all honest intellectual endeavour, from the Ionians' day-onwards, as "bourgeois objectivity"?

Yet, as history should have taught us, such things are neither new nor exceptional. Truth-for-truth's sake is not a natural objective of the human mind, which much prefers myth to history, group comfort to unpalatable fact. As Professor Huxley says, the "ferment of Ionian society provided special conditions, the right climate for free rationalization." But this climate did not and could not last. The Athenians' persecution of Anaxagoras and Socrates might have been inconceivable in the Miletus of Thales and Anaximander

(Professor Huxley is, perhaps, a trifle more sanguine here than the evidence warrants); but even Milesian tolerance has its limits. All intellectual advance demands an obstinate indifference to tradition, custom, and accepted belief; and so long as man remains a social animal, such indifference will continue to inspire fear and anger and retribution. Socrates, Galileo, Marx, Freud, Christ himself—could any of these, by any stretch of the imagination, be regarded as *popular* among their more respectable contemporaries?

When the Ephesians exiled Heraclitus's friend, the law-giver Hermocrates, they did so with the words: "Let no one be best amongst us; or if one must be best, let him be elsewhere and with other men." Exceptional ability always provokes envy, conformism is the greatest virtue, and steady sniping at established tradition among the most heinous social crimes. Indeed, it is cause for astonishment that the Ionian thinkers were allowed to flourish as they did. No one, surely, can have escaped a twinge of uneasiness in Colophon when Xenophanes suggested that Thracian gods had red hair and Ethiopian gods flat noses. But commercial success bred tolerance; the Ionian world-outlook expanded with the Ionian economy. As Professor Huxley rightly says, "it is not surprising that the first systematic geographies and the first genuine maps were composed in the most enterprising of the cities, Miletus and Phocaea."

Cosmopolitan colonization, the development of overseas markets, the need for information about foreign lands, a loosening of traditional religious and ethnic taboos—all these factors helped to create a climate in which the Greek scientific and historiographical revolution could take place. Yet none of them wholly explains the revolution *per se*, and despite the painstaking way in which Professor Huxley sifts every last scrap of dubious evidence, *The Early Ionians* comes little closer to solving the riddle. What it does make us realize, through its very thoroughness, is how late, weak, and generally unreliable most of our sources for this crucial period are. Who, the lay-

man may justifiably inquire, looking through Professor Huxley's notes and references, are Ion of Chios, Zeno-bius, Themistagoras of Ephesus, Nicolaus of Damascus, Heraclides Ponticus, Aelius Aristides, Callisthenes, Achaemenus, Parthenius, Phaedrus, and the fearful Pseudo-Scymnus? And how much reliability does their testimony possess?

Now this is where Professor Huxley's historiographical method is most open to basic criticism. What he has done, in effect, is to gather together every disparate scrap of literary evidence, early or late (this alone, incidentally, makes *The Early Ionians* a valuable source-book) and weave the resultant patchwork congeries into a continuous, more or less coherent narrative. Anticipating trouble from the critics, he writes in his preface:

In two respects, the book may be thought quaint and old-fashioned: firstly, I give more emphasis to the thoughts and actions of great men who are the true makers of history, than to social institutions or economic trends; and secondly, I treat the statements of all ancient writers with reverence, which must not be taken for credulity. I hold that it is bad practice to reject statements in late sources simply because they are late, and consider that scholars such as Callimachus and Apollodorus and those who made use of their work deserve a fair hearing, for they were not less intelligent, and were usually better informed, than ourselves.

Anyone who reads Professor Huxley's book with this claim in mind may well ponder Dryden's acid remark that "many a fair precept . . . is, like a seeming demonstration in the mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation."

To take the second point first: it is true that the late sources which Professor Huxley mentions may sometimes have been better informed than we are, but in critical judgment and historical method they were sadly to seek. (Sometimes, too, we possess information they did not: what would the Athenian tribute-lists have meant to Ephorus or Theopompus?) So while we may agree that to reject statements in late sources out of hand is bad historical practice, it is, surely, equally unsound to assume they are all true, whatever their provenance.

CLASSICAL AND HELLENISTIC

P. D. ARNOTT: *An Introduction to the Greek World*. 238pp. 24 illustrations. Macmillan. 30s.I. A. F. BRUCE: *An Historical Commentary on the "Hellenica Oxyrhynchia"*. 177pp. Cambridge University Press. 30s.G. M. SIKAKIS: *Studies in the History of Hellenistic Drama*. 200pp. Athlone Press. £2.1s.

Professor Arnott's object is to provide an introduction for the many people interested in ancient Greece who have not learnt the language. After a preliminary survey of the land and people and of the Greeks and their gods he takes them through the history of Greek literature down to the Hellenistic age, with copious passages in translation. Great writers are seen in their historical setting, and the relation with present-day Greece is always emphasized; the pleasant photographs often make the connection—the Pnyx, where the Athenian assembly met, has a heap of tourist chairs; the theatre at Delphi includes a picture of the author to set the scale; Mycenae shows excavations in progress; and one may wonder whether the tavern at Delos is ancient or modern.

Dr. Bruce has written an historical commentary on the "Hellenica Oxyrhynchia", a history of the period 411 B.C. down to probably 386 A.C., which has partly survived in two papyri found at Oxyrhynchus (it would have been convenient if their text had been included). Those interested in this period will derive much profit from the commentary, and the sources, methods, style, and importance of the author are fully discussed. The work seems to be safely dated before 356 A.C., and Dr. Bruce suggests identifying the author with Callippus, who is known to have continued Thucydides's history. The core of Dr. Sikakis's work is a careful re-examination of the inscriptions in Delos and Delphi dealing with the theatre and theatre practice. They themselves give fascinating details of personalities, organizations, and economics of theatre

unless demonstrably false, and do something to reconcile every scrap of the patchwork? Such an approach is admittedly disarming; it conveys an element of antiquarian conservatism which one finds very hard to resist. But it does not, in the least, make for reliable history; it throws away the most valuable trumps in the modern scholar's hand—his critical judgment, his knowledge of ancillary disciplines, his ability to tell a mythical tale from an historical handsaw.

The same is true of Professor Huxley's remarks concerning the "Ionian" theory of history. Again he propounds a valuable half-truth, but the half-truth is not the whole. There can be no doubt that history is merely historical. His belief in the truth and falsity of judgments ultimately depend on something other than the statements themselves, and his recognition that a true judgment and a validly derived judgment are different (since there are judgments invalidly derived from false premises which happen to be true), led Brentano to search for a correct formulation of the correspondence theory of truth. This book is a record of his various attempts, subsequent corrections, and his final realization that any theory of truth better than most places.

Taken to its logical extreme, Professor Huxley's theory would say that Thales, Anaximander, Xenophanes, and the rest of these persons in European thought could have happened anywhere, at any time: the flowering of rational concepts in Ionian during the age of commerce is a mere geographical and historical accident. But Professor Huxley, as should be agreed from the earlier part of the review, is far too intelligent to take any such thing. In fact he displays a very clear appreciation of the social and cultural forces which helped to create the Ionian "miracle"; he also has a Whitmanesque genius for swallowing his own inconsistency and an endearing determination to reconstruct the past from what he can find.

The great fault in this translation is the use of the word "inexistence" in the use of the word "inexistence". In his well-known attempt to distinguish the mental from the physical, Brentano wrote: every phenomenon is characterized by its intentionality, the intentionality of an object. He used the ambiguous German word *Inexistenz* to mean "non-existence" or "inexistence", which is highly confusing since *Inexistenz* cannot mean "inexistence". This is a very confusing since *Inexistenz* cannot mean "inexistence". This is a very confusing since *Inexistenz* cannot mean "inexistence".

LITERATE AND NUMERATE

G. F. PARKER: *A Short Account of Greek Philosophy from Thales to Epicurus*. 194pp. Edward Arnold. 30s.

Mr. Parker says his intention has been to provide information and some common ground in classical thought for the benefit of non-specialists. His admirably clear and concise exposition of a judicious selection of topics, backed by a sketch of the historical setting, is a genuinely fresh and stimulating introduction to Greek philosophy.

The best sections are those on Plato. Aristotle suffers somewhat from an attempt to tie him up in an overly neat system. The chapters on the Pre-Socratics have an excessively Aristotelian look, largely because Mr. Parker takes the central issues of the period to be questions about the basic stuff and make-up of the physical world; this distorts Heraclitus and the Pythagoreans, and makes nonsense of Parmenides, whose influence on subsequent physical theorizing is consequently underestimated.

PHENOMENOLOGICAL

FRANZ BRENTANO: *The True and the Evident*. Translated by R. Chisholm, L. Poltzer and K. R. Fischer. 190pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.JAN SZEDNICKI: *Franz Brentano's Analysis of Truth*. 150pp. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff. 26.50 guilders.EDMUND LASKO: *Beyond Skepticism and Realism*. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff. 26.50 guilders.HANS DUFRENIQUE: *Jalons*. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff. 25.50 guilders.

There is an object of thought, according to Brentano, is not a description of the relation between two independently existing objects but a description of the activity of one object—namely, of the person who has the thought. We should not, Brentano believes, be taken in by the surface syntax of sentences. Brentano's theory is as a matter of fact very close to that of Frege. He writes that when we say, for example, that somebody believes in the existence of a centaur, we are talking about the person who thinks, and the centaur is "an object in a special *Modus Obliquus*". One remark about the terminology: it is surely wrong for the author to render the German word "Reale" as "concrete things", since among the objects which Brentano gives as examples of the "Realen" are red, three, triangle, and State. The appendix contains translations of four interesting passages from Brentano's works.

It is a pity that Martinus Nijhoff, who have done much to introduce phenomenology to English-speaking readers, are so indiscriminating in the books that they publish. Mr. Laszlo's *Beyond Skepticism and Realism* is a study of Husserl and Whitehead's method which is so full of basic, naive errors and lax talk that it will do more disservice to the authors discussed than anything else. These are only a few of the errors: the theory that the meaning of a word is its use is thought by Mr. Laszlo to entail that words do not change meaning, which is absurd; Mr. Laszlo claims that if the meaning of a word is its use then the meaning will be identical to the thing referred to by the word—the very view against which the meaning-is-use theory was developed; even more extraordinary is his claim that if two systems of language have isomorphic structures then they will have identical meanings; he assumes that the denial of absolutes space-time implies that entities can only be instantaneous. Even more outrageous is Mr. Laszlo's failure to distinguish the logical role of names, concept words, and sentences, which makes him write, for example, that "being" is an axiom, and use truth-functional connectives such as "if and only if" between individual words. This book will increase the Anglo-Saxon prejudice that Continental philosophy is verbose and abounds in woolly generalizations, and mislead Continental readers about the Anglo-Saxon philosophers discussed.

Essays in Phenomenology is an anthology of diverse essays ranging from an expository work on basic phenomenological concepts by Alfred Schutz to a chatty and amusing dogmatic essay on "the upright posture"—which distinguishes man from the beasts—by Erwin Straus. The most provocative are the ones on Merleau-Ponty's concept of the "pre-objective world" by M. Kullman and Charles Taylor, and an essay on "Faces" written by Sartre in 1948, where Sartre claims that we see people's faces not in terms of their history but in terms of their future—as the expression of beings who make projects.

Jalons is a collection of scholarly articles and reviews by Professor Dufrenque, who teaches philosophy in a French university. The most interesting for British readers is one entitled "Heidegger et Kant". Many students of philosophy in Britain have been troubled by Kant's theory of schematism in his *Critique of Pure Reason*, where the relation of concepts, schema and images—or the relation of understanding, sensibility and imagination—is discussed. We are shown that many of Heidegger's theses which are mainly known here for their obscurity are directly connected with the same problem. Another essay written in 1948, welcoming the books by Heidegger and Kojève on Hegel, laments the fact that except for a few isolated exceptions, French universities have been engaged in a conspiracy of silence against Hegel. It is sad to say that nineteen years later this is still more or less the case in the British academic world.

At this point, as might be expected, the book breaks down. For Mr. Watson has no solution: Under

GOD IN ACTION

AUSTIN FARRER: *Faith and Speculation*. An Essay in Philosophical Theology containing the Deems Lectures for 1964. 175pp. Adam and Charles Black. 28s. (Paperback, 18s.)

Some thirty years ago Dr. Farrer wrote a profound and difficult book called *Finite and Infinite* which was hailed by a reviewer in *Theology* as a work of genius. From time to time in the intervening years it has been referred to by theologians in respectful tones, but there has been little evidence of their willingness either to criticize or to build on the very important insights the book contained. There were two reasons for this lack of constructive or critical response. On the one hand the book was frankly metaphysical theology and it appeared at a time when linguistic philosophers seemed to have nailed the lid of empirical verification on to the coffin of all metaphysics; on the other hand the rise of biblical theology had diverted the attention of most Christian thinkers into very different channels. Moreover the book was generally agreed to be very stiff indeed and was written in a style which was then as distinctive as it was unfamiliar.

Dr. Farrer has now returned once more to his original theme. What sort of evidence may the believer adduce for his belief? What must be his response to the demand for empirical proof? How is the creative energy of God related to the finite energies of this world? How is his will related to our wills? The last two are particularly important questions round which contemporary philosophical theology has skirted with some care. Indeed Dr. Farrer has himself contributed more to their understanding than any other contemporary writer—notably in his Bampton Lectures *The Glass of Vision*, which is perhaps the most elegant and original piece of speculative theology produced in this century. In *Faith and Speculation* he takes up and develops many of the threads of his earlier books. *Finite and Infinite* made much use of a philosophy of Being which lent it an air of neo-scholasticism, to which theologians are increasingly unsympathetic. In its place Dr. Farrer now proposes the primacy of will, agency and action, and sees here a parallel to the changed attitude of science to the fundamental physical constituents of matter as patterns of energy rather than atomic "objects". He formulates his main thesis thus: "We can

think about no reality about which we can do nothing but think." He then discusses the pattern of our interaction with the divine which constitutes its reality for us. How does the divine will "underlie" natural events and how does it "influence" human actions? In a sustained and complex sequence of argument we are brought to examine the causal "joint" between our agency and God's. In what sense is God a "cause"? With commendable ruthlessness Dr. Farrer throws Aristotle out of the window ("his error has endlessly misled Europe") and asserts that causality is primarily a personal category and only by anthropomorphic analogy to be used of physical events. So the First Cause is Unconditioned Will; we know God by his willed effects in the world and by our response to them.

Many readers are now familiar with the dazzle of Dr. Farrer's trapeze acts. It is difficult not to be amazed and delighted with the virtuosity with which he divides his argument between two swinging components of his own mind, launches them through the void to join hands in some spectacular gyration in mid-air with perfect mutuality of wit and style, and then returns them to their perches without a hair out of place, but leaving the reader breathless and often slightly puzzled to decide exactly what has happened. The two performers are so alike in humour, intellect and elegance, the give and take so fast, that it is easy to miss the exact force of a particular move and even at the end of a movement to wonder whether they have not perhaps changed sides. Occasionally the action is so compressed that the intense concentration is needed—as in the discussion of the metaphysics of being at the end of Chapter VII; and the very originality and economy of Dr. Farrer's English requires an attention not demanded by more verbose and less formal stylists. "Physical reality" is an unfamiliar compression which is clear enough when one has digested it, but it does make one pause; and will most readers, not used to pause over the use of "concludes" in this sentence: "It is not something to make it closer."

For there is no doubt that this book is trying to analyse the very hub of our religious experience. At a time when theologians are despairing not only of being able to speak of God, except as that which is highest in man, but also even of the possibility of saving the normal use of the name of God at all, it is salutary to have a magisterial voice re-asserting the primacy of God's will and action in the providential ordering of time and space and of human history. It is not that there are no questions or objections which we would want to put to Dr. Farrer; at many points one would like to stop the polished dialogue and accuse the author of going too fast and too smoothly over doubtful ground. Surely there is much more that needs to be said about the "control" exercised by God over the processes of evolution and its relation to the randomness of natural selection? Are some events *more* "willed" by God than others, and if so how are they discerned? Nevertheless in spite of the questions which flock in as one reads, one has the sense that all other questions are peripheral to the one which is here so accurately delineated. The faith defined once and for all in the life of Christ rests four-square on a belief that there is a hidden plan or stream of God's willing in the smallest particulars of events, to which man may adhere by his own willing choice. The difficulties which modern radical theologians find in this belief reflect the shallowness of their meditation on the mysterious relationship between the infinite Creator and his finite creatures. It is a mark of the quality of this book that the reader is forced to reflect again on his own relationship to God and is moved to try to do something to make it closer.

LAND OF LOST CONTENT

DAVID WATSON: *Christian Myth and Spiritual Reality*. 159pp. Gollancz. 28s.

David Watson came to his problem along what is perhaps the most difficult path of all. He was brought up mildly Anglican, and through an evangelical group at London University he came to accept Fundamentalism as the correct approach to the Bible, and joined the Plymouth Brethren. Further reading led him to the position where some former ecclesiastical organization was necessary, and though still a fundamentalist he returned to the Church of England in which he was eventually ordained. Gradually his reading of modern biblical scholarship destroyed his fundamentalism, but he had nothing else with which to combat the mythological ideas to which his reading introduced him. Finding only myth in Christianity and seeing in the radicals only an easing of the problem, he abandoned the Church and became a smallholder only to find that he had moved into something like Housman's "land of lost content."

He had cut the Gordian knot, but the problem remained for he knew that in spite of his myths there was something of incalculable value in religion. He might have resolved his problem had he criticized the Christian "myths", asking perhaps how in the real world of men and women they had been constructed, and by whom, and how they had come to be accepted as facts while people who could say that they were not still survived to do so. But he had made the drastic decision which Christianity was a huge myth which Christian part of the perennial spiritual experience of mankind, and there could be no turning back. His problem changed its terms. Now he was asking himself how, with Christianity firmly placed on one side, he could retain and enlarge the spiritual experience of which it was the worn-out vehicle.

At this point, as might be expected, the book breaks down. For Mr. Watson has no solution: Under

attractive foreword sees Mr. Watson as "a deeply religious man, and even a Christian one, for the influence of Jesus is everywhere plain to see." That is a just comment, and it could be wished that Mr. Watson, recognizing that in our human condition the Word, be it truth, beauty, goodness or God, must be made flesh if we are to hear it, might be induced to reconsider his thought.

THE ROMAN SIDE

AUGUSTIN CARDINAL BEA, S.J.: *The Way to Unity after the Council*. 256pp. Geoffrey Chapman. 25s.

On the Roman side in the prolonged attempt to end the scandal of Christian disunity Cardinal Bea stands out as the protagonist. He writes and speaks unflinchingly, age seems to mean nothing to his energy, and it is impossible to doubt either his sincerity or his charity. The tag is well worn, but in thinking of him and his work it is difficult not to say "O si sic omnes". For though Vatican II has to some degree eased his task, the road to recovery is still difficult. His essential conviction is that, provided the desire for unity were allowed free expression across the hardened barriers of the centuries so that the divided could meet in unobstructed charity, the Roman position could be explained, understood and accepted. It is a courageous view, and he holds on to it. In book after book with an indefatigable tenacity which one would like to think must eventually bear fruit.

At the moment, because of the Pope's recent visit to the shrine at Fatima, the most topical of his essays is the one devoted to Marian doctrine. He sees the protestant attitude as clearly as any Ultramontan who would draw his attention to the exaggerated language, asking him if words such as "Mediatrix" or "Coredepreress" should ever have been used, if doctrines such as the Immaculate Conception or

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Fiction (continued)

THRILLVILLE

RHONA PETRIE: *Foreign Bodies*. 192pp. Gollancz. 21s.
CHARLES DRUMMOND: *Death at the Furlong Post*. 196pp. Gollancz. 21s.
STANLEY JOHNSON: *Gold Drain*. 187pp. Heinemann. 21s.
ELLERY QUEEN: *Face to Face*. 215pp. Gollancz. 21s.
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER: *The Case of the Reluctant Model*. 218pp. Heinemann. 18s.

Rhona Petrie has already written four enjoyable and sufficiently original thrillers without finding either enough distinctiveness or a continuing thread that carries recognition. Now she has certainly achieved the first with an extremely good book, as well backgrounded as plotted. The central character (and perhaps a continuing thread for the future?) is an under-sized scientist called Nassim Yussif Prida who wants above all to be accepted as a British national. He works in Geneva, both under cover and openly, and it takes quite a time—perhaps an over-mystifying time—to discover if he is Good or Bad. But during our uncertainty Miss Petrie holds us with a sub-plot, well above thriller standard, about the dwellers at a decaying pension which is trying to pass itself off as a pension. This clever complicated book lifts Miss Petrie right up to the top rungs of her profession.

Death at the Furlong Post, presented as a first thriller, is grippingly ingenious, highly professional and up to every trick. Its crimes are murder and robbery at a race track. The crooks' antagonists are two hard-drinking cops with grubby reputations, heavily under suspicion and with all hands against them. Mostly by slow sordid police work, tips from professional informers and encyclopaedic professional knowledge, but also, finally, by brilliant inference, they get their men at a heavy cost. Some name-play suggests pseudonymity and this writer may well be as experienced as he appears.

Gold Drain demands attention principally because its author won the Newdigate Prize and because the then Professor of Poetry, Robert Graves, recommends this, his first novel. Certainly Mr. Johnson writes a witty and educated English, but his end-up of the British spy story is unimpressive.

OTHER NEW NOVELS

PETER S. FEIBLEMAN: *Strangers and Graves*. 351pp. Gollancz. 30s.
Strangers and Graves consists of four short novels, two of them set in New Orleans—*Death of Daisies* and *Fever*—and the other two in Spain—*Along the Coast* and *Eyes*. The title of the volume comes from a passage in *Fever*, in which a coloured servant tells her unhappy young white charge:

"Strangers and that cemetery... is all you ever did care about. Only down you got on you is you will never love anything but strangers and graves."

The author, predictably, sides with the estranged and defeated, the victims and outcasts, whether blind beggar in Malaga, or dying brothel-keeper in New Orleans, whether beautiful girl condemned through racism to give up the love of her life, or honest fish-seller reduced to selling rotten fish in order to buy medical attention for her dying grandson. The portentous nonsense of the passage quoted is typical. Mr. Feibleman's preposterous style, an amalgam of riotous metaphor and insistent banality, gives the book an almost endearing quality.

RAAYO RINTALA: *The Long Distance Patrol*. Translated from the Finnish by Maurice Michael. 184pp. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

Takala, a student preparing for ordination, finds himself called up to serve as an officer in the Finnish struggle against the Soviet Union. He lives dangerously in the far north, in the lonely, lake-studded, mosquito-infested regions; and often has to patrol deeply into the enemy territories lying inland from Murmansk. The story's background—dramatic—Lapps, elk-stocks and sauna-baths—rare strange and convincingly rendered; the central theme—how the necessities of war must brutalize, even if only intermittently, a sensitive, intelligent, tough-fibred youngster—is, of course, familiar enough. It is developed here a bit flatly, with a certain amount of repetition, but also with an admirable slow cumulative effect.

unexcitingly plotted and two noticeably contrived. The jacket is disgusting.

Far below the high standard of the first two books, two old slagers deserve mention. Recent Ellery Queens and Perry Masons have been pedestrian to a degree, but now each appears in a book nearer to old form. The Ellery Queen lacks, save in extremely attenuated form, the puzzle element that used to be such a distinctive feature, but it is much more readable than his other books of recent years. The Perry Mason, first published in the United States in 1961, is back to earlier crispness.

CRIMINUSCULE

LARRY FORRESTER: *A Girl Called Ruthen*. 216pp. Heinemann. 21s.

A first novel, and certainly an exciting one, at a Man (or Girl) from Uncle level, but cold-bloodedly capitalizing on most kinds of nastiness; a pity.

JACK PEARL: *The Crucifixion of Pete McCabe*. 247pp. Hale. 21s.

Pete McCabe, pleasant American suburbanite publisher, is accused of nasty sex-crime. Part of the plot is about ostracism and what it does to a family; part, more melodramatically, is about the reasons for the accusation. Both are quite well done.

SIMON TROY: *Sup with the Devil*. 160pp. Gollancz. 18s.

A wild Gothic romance of a fairly usual but usually feminine kind. Its regrettably returns from love in Provence to her sinister husband in Cornwall, and brooding menace erupts in violence; atmosphere is the thing here, rather than much surprise.

by the patrol which Takala commands, of a Russian-held height. The operation is carried out in full daylight. Tension is skillfully built up, and the wildness and hysteria which the participants can only partially keep in check are made more striking by Mr. Rintala's dry, almost casual, tone. Mr. Michael, whose translation out of this most difficult of languages reads naturally and easily, must be congratulated.

PAULA FOX: *Poor George*. 220pp. Bodley Head. 25s.

There is almost nothing, it seems, that cannot go wrong for a couple who venture outside the set routines of suburban marriage in America. George and Emma, renting an isolated country cottage in upstate New York, postponing children, pursuing ill-paid work, are beset by neighbours meddling, alcoholic, lascivious and boring. Their marriage is going steadily sour, and when George, a dedicated teacher, begins to take an interest in a delinquent youth he finds prowling, the strain grows too great. It is a searching, gloomy look at loneliness, rootlessness, and resourcelessness, and the cool wit of the observer makes it no less depressing to contemplate.

WILLIAM F. HUMBER: *A Tale of Arthur*. 112pp. Blood. 25s.

A Tale of Arthur is a singular, fable by an author who is, on the evidence of the dust-jacket, a singular sixteen-year-old. Arthur, King of his town, is five years old and fat. It is the twenty-first century, and he is also the town's Priest and God. His kingdom's social hierarchy consists of himself, Saint George the Dragon, a dead but preserved army, the extraordinary ordinary people, the faeries at the bottom of the garden, and lowest of the low, the spastics who speak apocryphal. Arthur takes a fairy to wife, and dies young through over-eating. A resolute enthusiasm the comic interest of the novel, though it can give no idea of the style, which is consistently and distastefully arch.

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SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION

AND

LIBRARY SERVICES

HARWELL and CULHAM

Applications are invited for posts in the Information Office of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment and in the Culham Laboratory Library. The Information Office duties include working closely with experienced staff in preparing an Information Bulletin, maintaining records and answering scientific and technical enquiries. The Library duties cover reference and lending services and the acquisition and cataloguing of published material and technical reports.

QUALIFICATIONS: Applicants should have as a minimum a G.C.E. at "O" level in four subjects, including English Language and a science subject, or have an equivalent qualification.

The posts offer the opportunity to make a career in scientific information or library work, for which the possession of two "A" levels in scientific subjects would be an advantage.

SALARY: At the appropriate point in the Scientific Assistant Scale viz: £2495 p.a. (at age 18) to £335 p.a. (at age 25 and highest entry point) to £1,055 p.a.

Send a postcard for further information and an application form to:

APPOINTMENTS SECTION (A.5210/236), UNITED KINGDOM ATOMIC ENERGY AUTHORITY, ATOMIC ENERGY RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT, HARWELL, BERKS.

CARLTON URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL

APPOINTMENT OF DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above post. Applicants should preferably be Chartered Librarians, but applications from those who have passed the Library Association Final Examination and are not yet chartered will be considered. Applications will also be considered from those awaiting examination results.

The salary will be in accordance with Grades III-IV of the Administrative and Professional Division of the Scales of Salaries of the National Joint Council, the point of entry to be determined by the experience and qualifications of the applicant.

The appointment will be terminated by two months' notice in writing on either side and will be subject to the National Scheme of Conditions of Service, the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, and to the satisfactory passing of a medical examination. Housing accommodation will be provided if required and approved removal expenses will be paid by the Council.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made should be received by the undersigned on or before Monday, 4th September, 1967.

Conveying, either directly or indirectly, will disqualify. E. Jones, Clerk of the Council and Chief Executive Officer, Council House, Burton Road, Carlton, Nottingham.

ROYAL BOROUGH OF KINGSTON UPON THAMES

TRAINEE LIBRARIANS

Applications are invited for two appointments of Trainee Librarians. Applicants must have a minimum of five G.C.E. passes including English language and two subjects at "A" level, and be not more than 21 years of age.

Candidates selected will receive preliminary training in the Council's libraries followed by a full-time course at a library school. Salaries range from £575 per annum at 18 with progression during training to a maximum of £1,060 upon successful completion and pending transfer to established posts plus London weighting allowance. Payment of approved study expenses will be made in addition to full salary.

Application forms and further details are obtainable from the Borough Librarian and Curator, Central Library, Fairfield Road, Kingston upon Thames. Closing date for applications is 9th September, 1967.

ASSISTANT INFORMATION OFFICER

LIBRARIAN

A male or female graduate or a Chartered Librarian is required for commercial information work in our Group Information and Library Service which is based at the group research laboratory near Wolverhampton.

Previous experience is desirable but not essential. Applications in writing to H. H. Goom, Chief Information Officer, G.K.N. Group Research Laboratory, Birmingham New Road, Launceston, Wolverhampton.

LIBRARIANS

ROYAL BOROUGH OF HARROW PUBLIC LIBRARY. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the Borough Librarian, Royal Borough of Harrow, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

THE BRITISH COUNCIL. The British Council Library Service is seeking applications for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the British Council Library Service, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

BOROUGH OF BAYLEY. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the Borough Librarian, Borough of Bayley, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

CHARTERED INSURANCE INSTITUTE. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the Chartered Insurance Institute, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

DORSET COUNTY LIBRARY. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the Dorset County Library, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF DONCASTER PUBLIC LIBRARY. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the County Borough of Doncaster Public Library, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HACKNEY. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the London Borough of Hackney, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

NETHERNE HOSPITAL. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the Netherne Hospital, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

ULSTER: THE NEW UNIVERSITY. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the Ulster: The New University, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HOUNSLOW. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the London Borough of Hounslow, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF KENYALTON. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the London Borough of Kenyaltan, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF LAMBETH. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the London Borough of Lambeth, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEAMINGTHORPE. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the London Borough of Leamington, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

LIBRARIANS

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THE LABOUR PARTY. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the Labour Party, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

BOROUGH OF MIDDLETON. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the Borough of Middleton, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

BOROUGH OF ELLESMERE PORT. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the Borough of Ellesmere Port, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

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LONDON BOROUGH OF LAMBETH. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the London Borough of Lambeth, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEAMINGTHORPE. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the London Borough of Leamington, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

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THE LABOUR PARTY. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the Labour Party, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

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BOROUGH OF ELLESMERE PORT. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the Borough of Ellesmere Port, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the Gloucestershire Education Committee, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

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LONDON BOROUGH OF LAMBETH. APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library and will be required to assist in the selection and acquisition of books and other materials. The salary is £1,120 p.a. plus London weighting. Applications should be sent to the London Borough of Lambeth, 100, The Pines, Harrow, London, N.10. Closing date: 27th September 1967.

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